THE KING AND THE MILLER of *Mansfield*.

A

DRAMATIC TALE.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*.

By R. DODSLEY.

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MDCCLXXII.

[Price Six-Pence.]

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

The KING,	Mr. *Cibber.*
The MILLER,	Mr. *Miller.*
RICHARD the *Miller*'s Son,	Mr. *Berry.*
Lord LUREWELL,	Mr. *Eſte.*
COURTIERS and KEEPERS of the Foreſt.	

WOMEN.

PEGGY,	Mrs. *Pritchard.*
MARGERY,	Mrs. *Bennet.*
KATE,	Mrs. *Croſs.*

SCENE, *Sherwood Foreſt.*

THE KING AND THE MILLER.

SCENE, *Sherwood Foreſt.*

Enter ſeveral COURTIERS *as loſt.*

Firſt Courtier.

'TIS horrid dark! and this Wood, I believe, has neither End nor Side.

Fourth Courtier. You mean to get out at, for we have found one in, you ſee.

Second Courtier. I wiſh our good King *Harry* had kept nearer home to hunt; in my Mind, the pretty, tame Deer in *London* make much better Sport than the wild ones in *Sherwood* Foreſt.

Third Courtier. I can't tell which way his Majeſty went, nor whether any body is with him or not; but let us keep together, pray.

Fourth Courtier. Ay, ay, like true Courtiers, take care of ourſelves, whatever becomes of Maſter.

Second Courtier. Well, it's a terrible thing to be loſt in the Dark.

Fourth Courtier. It is. And yet it's ſo common a Caſe, that one would not think it ſhould be at all ſo. Why we are all of us loſt in the Dark every Day of our Lives. Knaves keep us in the Dark by their Cunning, and Fools by their Ignorance. Divines loſe us in dark Myſteries; Lawyers in dark Caſes, and Stateſmen in dark Intrigues; Nay, the Light of Reaſon, which we ſo much boaſt of, what is it but a Dark-lanthorn, which juſt ſerves to prevent us from running our Noſe againſt a Poſt, perhaps; but is no more able to lead us out of the dark Miſts of Error and Ignorance, in which we are loſt, than an *Ignis fatuus* would be to conduct us out of this Wood.

Firſt Courtier. But, my Lord, this is no time for preaching, methinks. And, for all your Morals, Day-light would be much preferable to this Darkneſs, I believe.

Third Courtier. Indeed wou'd it. But come, let us go on; we ſhall find ſome Houſe or other by and by.

Fourth Courtier. Come along. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the KING *alone.*

No, no, this can be no publick Road, that's certain: I am loſt, quite loſt indeed. Of what Advantage is it now to be a King? Night ſhews me no Reſpect: I cannot ſee better, nor walk ſo well as another Man. What is a King? Is he not wiſer than another Man? Not without his Counſellors, I plainly find. Is he not more powerful? I oft have been told ſo, indeed; but what now can my Power command? Is he not greater and more magnificent? When ſeated on his Throne, and ſurrounded with Nobles and Flatterers, perhaps he may think ſo; but when loſt in a Wood, alas! what is he but a common Man? His Wiſdom knows not which is North and which is South; his Power a Beggar's Dog would bark at; and his Greatneſs the Beggar would not bow to. And yet how oft

oft are we puffed up with theſe falſe Attributes? Well, in loſing the Monarch, I have found the Man.

[*The Report of a Gun is heard.*

Hark! ſome Villain ſure is near! What were it beſt to do? Will my Majeſty protect me? No. Throw Majeſty aſide then, and let Manhood do it.

Enter the MILLER.

Miller. I believe I hear the Rogue? Who's there?

King. No Rogue, I aſſure you.

Miller. Little better, Friend, I believe. Who fir'd that Gun?

King. Not I, indeed.

Miller. You lie, I believe.

King. Lie! lie! how ſtrange it ſeems to me to be talked to in this Stile. [*Aſide.*] Upon my word I don't.

Miller. Come, come, Sirrah, confeſs; you have ſhot one of the King's Deer, have not you?

King. No, indeed; I owe the King more reſpect. I heard a Gun go off, indeed, and was afraid ſome Robbers might have been near.

Miller. I'm not bound to believe this, Friend. Pray who are you? what's your Name?

King. Name!

Miller. Name! yes Name. Why you have a Name, have not you? Where do you come from? What is your Buſineſs here?

King. Theſe are Queſtions I have not been us'd to, honeſt Man.

Miller. May be ſo; but they are Queſtions no honeſt Man would be afraid to anſwer, I think. So if you can give no better Account of yourſelf, I ſhall make bold to take you along with me, if you pleaſe.

King. With you! what Authority have you to—

Miller. The King's Authority, if I muſt give you an Account, Sir. I am *John Cockle* the Miller of *Mansfield*, one of his Majeſty's Keepers in this Foreſt of *Sherwood*; and I will let no ſuſpected Fellow paſs this Way that cannot give a better Account of himſelf than you have done, I promiſe you.

King. I muſt ſubmit to my own Authority. [*Aſide.*] Very well, Sir, I am glad to hear the King has ſo good an Officer; and ſince I find you have his Authority, I will give you a better Account of myſelf, if you will do me the favour to hear it.

Miller. It's more than you deſerve, I believe; but let's hear what you can ſay for yourſelf.

King. I have the Honour to belong to the King as well as you, and, perhaps, ſhould be as unwilling to ſee any Wrong done him. I came down with him to hunt in this Foreſt, and the Chace leading us to-day a great way from home, I am benighted in this Wood, and have loſt my Way.

Miller. This does not ſound well; if you have been a hunting, pray where is your Horſe?

King. I have tired my Horſe ſo that he lay down under me, and I was obliged to leave him.

Miller. If I thought I might believe this now.

King. I am not uſed to lie, honeſt Man.

Miller. What! do you live at Court, and not lie! that's a likely Story indeed.

King. Be that as it will, I ſpeak Truth now, I aſſure you; and to convince you of it, if you will attend me to *Nottingham*, if I am near it, or give me a Night's Lodging in your own Houſe, here is ſomething to pay you for your Trouble, and if that is not ſufficient, I will ſatisfy you in the Morning to your utmoſt Deſire.

Miller. Ay, now I am convinc'd you are a Courtier; here is a little Bribe for to-day, and a large Promiſe for to-morrow, both in a Breath: here, take it again, and take this along with it——*John Cockle* is no Courtier; he can do what he ought——without a Bribe.

King. Thou art a very extraordinary Man I muſt own, and I ſhould be glad, methinks, to be farther acquainted with thee.

Miller. Thee! and thou! prithee don't thee and thou me: I believe I am as good a Man as yourſelf at leaſt.

King. Sir, I beg your Pardon.

Miller. Nay, I am not angry, Friend; only I don't love to be too familiar with any-body, before I know whether they deſerve it or not.

King.

King. You are in the right. But what am I to do?

Miller. You may do what you pleaſe. You are twelve Miles from *Nottingham*, and all the Way thro' this thick Wood; but if you are reſolved upon going thither to Night, I will put you in the Road, and direct you the beſt I can; or if you will accept of ſuch poor Entertainment as a Miller can give, you ſhall be welcome to ſtay all Night, and in the Morning I will go with you myſelf.

King. And cannot you go with me to-night?

Miller. I would not go with you to-night if you were the King.

King. Then I muſt go with you, I think.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Town of Mansfield.

DICK *alone.*

Well, dear *Mansfield*, I am glad to ſee thy Face again. But my Heart aches, methinks, for fear this ſhould be only a Trick of theirs to get me into their Power. Yet the Letter ſeems to be wrote with an Air of Sincerity, I confeſs; and the Girl was never us'd to lie till ſhe kept a Lord Company. Let me ſee, I'll read it once more.

Dear Richard,

I am at laſt (tho' much too late for me) convinc'd of the Injury done to us both by that baſe Man, who made me think you falſe; he contriv'd theſe Letters which I ſend you, to make me think you juſt upon the Point of being married to another, a Thought I could not bear with Patience; ſo, aiming at Revenge on you, conſented to my own Undoing. But, for your own Sake, I beg you to return hither, for I have ſome hopes of being able to do you Juſtice, which is the only Comfort of your moſt diſtreſs'd, but ever affectionate,

PEGGY.

There can be no Cheat in this, ſure! The Letters ſhe has ſent are, I think, a Proof of her Sincerity. Well, I will go to her however: I cannot think ſhe will again betray me: If ſhe has as much Tenderneſs left for me, as, in ſpite of her Ill Uſage, I ſtill feel for her, I'm ſure ſhe won't. Let me ſee, I am not far from the Houſe, I believe. . [*Exit.*

Scene changes to a Room.

PEGGY *and* PHOEBE.

Phœbe. Pray, Madam, make yourſelf eaſy.

Peggy. Ah! *Phœbe,* ſhe that has loſt her Virtue, has with it loſt her Eaſe, and all her Happineſs. Believing, cheated Fool! to think him falſe.

Phœbe. Be patient, Madam, I hope you will ſhortly be reveng'd on that deceitful Lord.

Peggy. I hope I ſhall, for that were juſt Revenge. But will Revenge make me happy? Will it excuſe my Falſehood? Will it reſtore me to the Heart of my much injur'd Love? Ah! no. That blooming Innocence he us'd to praiſe, and call the greateſt Beauty of our Sex, is gone. I have no Charm left that might renew that Flame I took ſuch pains to quench.

[*Knocking at the Door.*

See who's there. O Heavens, 'tis he! Alas! that ever I ſhou'd be aſham'd to ſee the Man I love!

Enter RICHARD, *who ſtands looking on her at a Diſtance, ſhe weeping.*

Dick. Well, *Peggy* (but I ſuppoſe you're Madam now in that fine Dreſs), you ſee you have brought me back; is it to triumph in your Falſhood? or am I to receive the ſlighted Leavings of your fine Lord?

Peggy. O *Richard!* after the Injury I have done you, I cannot look on you without Confuſion: But do not think ſo hardly of me; I ſtay'd not to be ſlighted by him, for

for the Moment I diſcover'd his vile Plot on you, I fled his Sight, nor could he ever prevail to ſee me ſince.

Dick. Ah, *Peggy!* you were too haſty in believing; and much I fear, the Vengeance aim'd at me, had other Charms to recommend it to you: ſuch Bravery as that [*Pointing to her Cloaths*] I had not to beſtow; but if a tender honeſt Heart could pleaſe, you had it all; and if I wiſh'd for more, 'twas for your Sake.

Peggy. O *Richard!* when you conſider the wicked Stratagem he contriv'd to make me think you baſe and deceitful, I hope you will, at leaſt, pity my Folly, and, in ſome meaſure, excuſe my Falſhood; that you will forgive me, I dare not hope.

Dick. To be forc'd to fly from my Friends and Country, for a Crime that I was innocent of, is an Injury that I cannot eaſily forgive, to be ſure: But if you are leſs guilty of it than I thought, I ſhall be very glad; and if your Deſign be really as you ſay, to clear me, and to expoſe the Baſeneſs of him that betray'd and ruin'd you, I will join with you with all my Heart. But how do you propoſe to do this?

Peggy. The King is now in this Foreſt a hunting, and our young Lord is every Day with him: Now, I think, if we could take ſome Opportunity of throwing ourſelves at his Majeſty's Feet, and complaining of the Injuſtice of one of his Courtiers, it might, perhaps, have ſome Effect upon him.

Dick. If we were ſuffer'd to make him ſenſible of it, perhaps it might; but the Complaints of ſuch little Folks as we ſeldom reach the Ears of Majeſty.

Peggy. We can but try.

Dick. Well, if you will go with me to my Father's, and ſtay there till ſuch an Opportunity happens, I ſhall believe you in earneſt, and will join with you in your Deſign.

Peggy. I will do any thing to convince you of my Sincerity, and to make Satisfaction for the Injuries which have been done you.

Dick. Will you go now?

Peggy. I'll be with you in leſs than an Hour. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Mill.

MARGERY *and* KATE *Knitting.*

Kate. O dear, I would not ſee a Spirit for all the World; but I love dearly to hear Stories of them. Well, and what then?

Margery. And ſo at laſt, in a diſmal, hollow Tone it cry'd——

[*A knocking at the Door frights them both; they ſcream out, and throw down their Knitting.*

Margery and *Kate.* Lord bleſs us! What's that?

Kate. O dear Mother, it's ſome Judgment upon us, I'm afraid. They ſay, talk of the Devil, and he'll appear.

Margery. Kate, go and ſee who's at the Door.

Kate. I durſt not go, Mother; do you go.

Margery. Come, let's both go.

Kate. Now don't ſpeak as if you was afraid.

Margery. No, I won't if I can help it. Who's there?

Dick without.] What! won't you let me in?

Kate. O Gemini! it's like our *Dick,* I think: He's certainly dead, and it's his Spirit.

Margery. Heav'n forbid! I think in my Heart it's he himſelf. Open the Door, *Kate.*

Kate. Nay, do you.

Margery. Come, we'll both open it.

[*They open the Door.*

Enter DICK.

Dick. Dear Mother, how do you do? I thought you would not have let me in.

Margery. Dear Child, I'm overjoy'd to ſee thee; but I was ſo frighted, I did not know what to do.

Kate. Dear Brother, I am glad to ſee you; how have you done this long while?

Dick.

Dick. Very well, *Kate.* But where's my Father?

Margery. He heard a Gun go off juſt now, and he's gone to ſee who 'tis.

Dick. What, they love Veniſon at *Mansfield* as well as ever, I ſuppoſe?

Kate. Ay, and they will have it too.

Miller without.] Hoa! *Madge! Kate!* bring a Light here.

Margery. Yonder he is.

Kate. Has he catch'd the Rogue, I wonder?

Enter the KING *and the* MILLER.

Margery. Who have you got?

Miller. I have brought thee a Stranger, *Madge*; thou muſt give him a Supper, and a Lodging if thou can'ſt.

Margery. You have got a better Stranger of your own, I can tell you: *Dick*'s come.

Miller. Dick! Where is he? Why *Dick!* How is't, my Lad?

Dick. Very well, I thank you, Father.

King. A little more, and you had puſh'd me down.

Miller. Faith, Sir, you muſt excuſe me; I was over-joy'd to ſee my Boy. He has been at *London*, and I have not ſeen him theſe four Years.

King. Well, I ſhall once in my Life have the Happineſs of being treated as a common Man; and of ſeeing human Nature without Diſguiſe. [*Aſide.*

Miller. What has brought thee home ſo unexpected?

Dick. You will know that preſently.

Miller. Of that by-and-by then. We have got the King down in the Foreſt a hunting this Seaſon, and this honeſt Gentleman, who came down with his Majeſty from *London*, has been with 'em to-day, it ſeems, and has loſt his Way. Come, *Madge*, ſee what thou can'ſt get for Supper. Kill a Couple of the beſt Fowls; and go you, *Kate*, and draw a Pitcher of Ale. We are famous, Sir, at *Mansfield*, for good Ale, and for honeſt Fellows that know how to drink it.

King. Good Ale will be acceptable, at preſent, for I am

am very dry. But pray, how came your Son to leave you, and go to *London?*

Miller. Why, that's a Story which *Dick*, perhaps, won't like to have told.

King. Then I don't desire to hear it.

Enter KATE, *with an earthen Pitcher of Ale and a Horn.*

Miller. So, now do you go help your Mother.—Sir, my hearty Service to you.

King. Thank ye, Sir. This plain Sincerity and Freedom, is a Happiness unknown to Kings. [*Aside.*

Miller. Come, Sir.

King. Richard, my Service to you.

Dick. Thank you, Sir.

Miller. Well, *Dick*, and how dost thou like *London?* Come, tell us what thou hast seen.

Dick. Seen! I have seen the Land of Promise.

Miller. The Land of Promise! What dost thou mean?

Dick. The Court, Father.

Miller. Thou wilt never leave joking.

Dick. To be serious then, I have seen the Disappointment of my Hopes and Expectations; and that's more than one would wish to see.

Miller. What! would the great Man, thou wast recommended to, do nothing at all for thee at last?

Dick. Why, yes; he would promise me to the last.

Miller. Zoons! do the Courtiers think their Dependents can eat Promises?

Dick. No, no; they never trouble their Heads to think, whether we eat at all or not. I have now dangled after his Lordship several Years, tantaliz'd with Hopes and Expectations; this Year promised one Place, the next another, and the third, in sure and certain Hope of—— a Disappointment. One falls, and it was promised before; another, and I am just half an Hour too late; a third, and it stops the Mouth of a Creditor; a fourth, and it pays the Hire of a Flatterer; a fifth, and it bribes a Vote; and, the sixth, I am promised still. But having thus

thus ſlept away ſome Years, I awoke from my Dream: My Lord, I found, was ſo far from having it in his Power to get a Place for me, that he had been all this while ſeeking after one for himſelf.

Miller. Poor *Dick!* And is plain Honeſty then a Recommendation to no Place at Court?

Dick. It may recommend you to be a Footman, perhaps, but nothing further, nothing further, indeed. If you look higher, you muſt furniſh yourſelf with other Qualifications: You muſt learn to ſay Ay, or No; to run, or ſtand; to fetch, or carry, or leap over a Stick at the Word of Command. You muſt be Maſter of the Arts of Flattery, Inſinuation, Diſſimulation, Application, and [*Pointing to his Palm*] right Application too, if you hope to ſucceed.

King. You don't conſider I am a Courtier, methinks.

Dick. Not I, indeed; 'tis no Concern of mine what you are. If in general, my Character of the Court is true, 'tis not my Fault if it's diſagreeable to your Worſhip. There are particular Exceptions I own, and I hope you may be one.

King. Nay, I don't want to be flatter'd, ſo let that paſs. Here's better Succeſs to you the next Time you come to *London.*

Dick. I thank ye; but I don't deſign to ſee it again in Haſte.

Miller. No, no, *Dick*; inſtead of depending upon Lords Promiſes, depend upon the Labour of thine own Hands; expect nothing but what thou can'ſt earn, and then thou wilt not be diſappointed. But come, I want a Deſcription of *London*; thou haſt told us nothing thou haſt ſeen yet.

Dick. O! 'tis a fine Place! I have ſeen large Houſes with ſmall Hoſpitality; great Men do little Actions; and fine Ladies do nothing at all. I have ſeen the honeſt Lawyers of *Weſtminſter-Hall*, and the virtuous Inhabitants of *'Change-Alley*; the politick Madmen of Coffee-houſes, and the wiſe Stateſmen of *Bedlam.* I have ſeen merry Tragedies, and ſad Comedies; Devotion at an Opera, and

Mirth at a Sermon; I have ſeen fine Cloaths at St. *James's*, and long Bills at *Ludgate-Hill*. I have ſeen poor Grandeur, and rich Poverty; high Honours, and low Flattery; great Pride, and no Merit. In ſhort, I have ſeen a Fool with a Title, a Knave with a Penſion, and an honeſt Man with a thread-bare Coat. Pray how do you like *London?*

Miller. And is this the beſt Deſcription thou can'ſt give of it?

Dick. Yes.

King. Why, *Richard*, you are a Satiriſt, I find.

Dick. I love to ſpeak Truth, Sir; if that happens to be Satire, I can't help it.

Miller. Well! if this is *London*, give me my Country Cottage; which, tho' it is not a great Houſe, nor a fine Houſe, is my own Houſe, and I can ſhew a Receipt for the building on't. But come, Sir, our Supper, I believe is ready for us, by this Time; and to ſuch as I have, you're welcome as a Prince.

King. I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Wood.

Enter ſeveral KEEPERS.

Firſt Keeper. The Report of a Gun was ſomewhere this Way, I'm ſure.

Second Keeper. Yes; but I can never believe that any body would come a Deer-ſtealing ſo dark a Night as this.

Third Keeper. Where did the Deer harbour to-day?

Fourth Keeper. There was a Herd lay upon *Hamilton-Hill*, another juſt by *Robin Hood*'s Chair, and a third here in *Mansfield* Wood.

Firſt Keeper. Ay; thoſe they have been amongſt.

Second Keeper. But we ſhall never be able to find 'em to-night, 'tis ſo dark.

Third Keeper. No, no; let's go back again.

Firſt Keeper. Zoons! you're afraid of a broken Head, I ſuppoſe, if we ſhould find 'em; and ſo had rather ſlink back again. Hark! ſtand cloſe. I hear 'em coming this Way.

Enter the COURTIERS.

Firſt Courtier. Did not you hear ſomebody juſt now? Faith, I begin to be afraid we ſhall meet with ſome Misfortune to-night.

Second Courtier. Why if any body ſhould take what we have got, we have made a fine Buſineſs of it.

Third Courtier. Let them take it if they will; I am ſo tir'd I ſhall make but ſmall Reſiſtance.

[*The Keepers ruſh upon them.*

Second Keeper. Ay, Rogues, Raſcals, and Villains; you have got it, have you?

Second Courtier. Indeed we have got but very little, but what we have you're welcome to, if you will but uſe us civilly.

Firſt Keeper. O, yes! very civilly; you deſerve to be us'd civilly, to be ſure.

Fourth Courtier. Why, what have we done that we may not be civilly us'd?

Firſt Keeper. Come, come, don't trifle, ſurrender.

Firſt Courtier. I have but three Half-Crowns about me.

Second Courtier. Here's Three and Six-pence for you, Gentlemen.

Third Courtier. Here's my Watch; I have no Money at all.

Fourth Courtier. Indeed I have nothing in my Pocket but a Snuff-box.

Fourth Keeper. What! the Dogs want to bribe us, do they? No, Raſcals; you ſhall go before the Juſtice to-morrow, depend on't.

Fourth

Fourth Courtier. Before the Juſtice! What, for being robb'd?

Firſt Keeper. For being robb'd! What do you mean? Who has robb'd you?

Fourth Courtier. Why, did not you juſt now demand our Money, Gentlemen?

Second Keeper. O, the Raſcals! they will ſwear a Robbery againſt us, I warrant.

Fourth Courtier. A Robbery! Ay, to be ſure.

Firſt Keeper. No, no; we did not demand your Money, we demanded the Deer you have kill'd.

Fourth Courtier. The Devil take the Deer, I ſay; he led us a Chace of ſix Hours, and got away from us at laſt.

Firſt Keeper. Zoons! ye Dogs, do ye think to banter us? I tell ye you have this Night ſhot one of the King's Deer; did not we hear the Gun go off? Did not we hear you ſay, you was afraid it ſhould be taken from you?

Second Courtier. We were afraid our Money ſhould be taken from us.

Firſt Keeper. Come, come, no more ſhuffling: I tell ye, you're all Rogues, and we'll have you hang'd, you may depend on't. Come, let's take them to old *Cockle*'s; we're not far off; we'll keep 'em there all Night, and to-morrow Morning we'll away with 'em before the Juſtice.

Fourth Courtier. A very pretty Adventure! [*Exeunt.*

Scene

Scene changes to the Mill.

KING, MILLER, MARGERY, *and* DICK, *at Supper.*

Miller. Come, Sir, you muſt mend a bad Supper with a Glaſs of good Ale; here's King *Harry*'s Health.

King. With all my Heart. Come, *Richard*, here's King *Harry*'s Health; I hope you are Courtier enough to pledge me, are not you?

Dick. Yes, yes, Sir, I'll drink the King's Health with all my Heart.

Margery. Come, Sir, my humble Service to you, and much good may do ye with your poor Supper; I wiſh it had been better.

King. You need make no Apologies.

Margery. We are obliged to your Goodneſs in excuſing our Rudeneſs.

Miller. Prithee, *Margery*, don't trouble the Gentleman with Compliments.

Margery. Lord, Huſband, if one had no more Manners than you, the Gentleman would take us all for Hogs.

Miller. Now I think the more Compliments the leſs Manners.

King. I think ſo too. Compliments in Diſcourſe, I believe, are like Ceremonies in Religion; the one has deſtroy'd all true Piety, and the other all Sincerity and plain Dealing.

Miller. Then a Fig for all Ceremony and Compliments too: give us thy Hand; and let us drink and be merry.

King. Right, honeſt Miller, let us drink and be merry. Come, have you got e'er a good Song?

Miller.

Miller. Ah! my ſinging Days are over, but my Man *Joe* has got an excellent one; and if you have a Mind to hear it, I'll call him in.

King. With all my Heart.

Miller. Joe!

Enter JOE.

Miller. Come, *Joe*, drink Boy; I have promis'd this Gentleman that you ſhall ſing him your laſt new Song.

Joe. Well, Maſter, if you have promis'd it him, he ſhall have it.

SONG.

I.

How happy a State does the Miller poſſeſs?
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be leſs;
On his Mill and himſelf he depends for Support,
Which is better than ſervilely cringing at Court.

II.

What tho' he all duſty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's be-powder'd, the more like a Beau;
A Clown in this Dreſs may be honeſter far
Than a Courtier who ſtruts in his Garter and Star.

III.

Tho' his Hands are ſo dawb'd they're not fit to be ſeen,
The Hands of his Betters are not very clean;
A Palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold, in handling, will ſtick to the Fingers like Meal.

IV.

IV.

What if, when a Pudding for Dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without Scruple, from other Men's Sacks;
In this of right noble Examples he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other Men's Bags.

V.

Or ſhould he endeavour to heap an Eſtate,
In this he wou'd mimick the Tools of the State;
Whoſe Aim is alone their own Coffers to fill,
As all his Concern's to bring Griſt to his Mill.

VI.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lie;
Then riſes up chearful to work and to ſing:
If ſo happy a Miller, then who'd be a King?

Miller. There's a Song for you.

King. He ſhould go ſing this at Court, I think.

Dick. I believe, if he's wiſe, he will chuſe to ſtay at Home tho'.

Enter PEGGY.

Miller. What Wind blew you hither, pray! You have a good Share of Impudence, or you wou'd be aſham'd to ſet your Foot within my Houſe, methinks.

Peggy. Aſham'd I am, indeed, but do not call me impudent. [*Weeps.*

Dick. Dear Father, ſuſpend your Anger for the preſent; that ſhe is here now is by my Direction, and to do me Juſtice.

Peggy. To do that is all that is now in my Power; for as to myſelf, I am ruin'd paſt Redemption; my Character, my Virtue, my Peace, are gone: I am abandoned by my Friends, deſpis'd by the World, and expos'd to Miſery and Want.

King. Pray let me know the Story of your Misfortunes; perhaps it may be in my Power to do ſomething towards redreſſing them.

Peggy. That you may learn from him whom I have wrong'd; but as for me, Shame will not let me ſpeak, or hear it told. [*Exit.*

King. She's very pretty.

Dick. O, Sir, I once thought her an Angel; I lov'd her dearer than my Life, and did believe her Paſſion was the ſame for me: but a young Nobleman of this Neighbourhood happening to ſee her, her Youth and blooming Beauty preſently ſtruck his Fancy; a thouſand Artifices were immediately employ'd to debauch and ruin her. But all his Arts were vain; not even the Promiſe of making her his Wife, could prevail upon her: In a little Time he found out her Love to me, and, imagining this to be the Cauſe of her Refuſal, he, by forg'd Letters, and feign'd Stories, contriv'd to make her believe I was upon the Point of Marriage with another Woman. Poſſeſs'd with this Opinion, ſhe, in a Rage, writes me Word, never to ſee her more; and, in Revenge, conſented to her own undoing. Not contented with this, nor eaſy while I was ſo near her, he brib'd one of his caſt off Miſtreſſes to ſwear a Child to me, which ſhe did: this was the Occaſion of my leaving my Friends, and flying to *London.*

King. And how does ſhe propoſe to do you Juſtice?

Dick. Why, the King being now in this Foreſt a hunting, we deſign to take ſome Opportunity of throwing ourſelves at his Majeſty's Feet, and complaining of the Injuſtice done us by this noble Villain.

Miller. Ah! *Dick!* I expect but little Redreſs from ſuch an Application. Things of this Nature are ſo common among the Great, that I am afraid it will only be made a Jeſt of.

King.

King. Thoſe that can make a Jeſt of what ought to be ſhocking to Humanity, ſurely deſerve not the Name of great or noble Men.

Dick. What do you think of it, Sir? If you belong to the Court, you, perhaps, may know ſomething of the King's Temper.

King. Why, if I can judge of his Temper at all, I think he would not ſuffer the greateſt Nobleman in his Court, to do an Injuſtice to the meaneſt Subject in his Kingdom. But pray, who is the Nobleman that is capable of ſuch Actions as theſe?

Dick. Do you know my Lord *Lurewell?*

King. Yes.

Dick. That's the Man.

King. Well, I would have you put your Deſign in Execution. 'Tis my Opinion the King would not only hear your Complaint, but redreſs your Injuries.

Miller. I wiſh it may prove ſo.

Enter the KEEPERS *leading in the* COURTIERS.

Firſt Keeper. Hola! *Cockle!* Where are ye? Why, Man, we have nabb'd a Pack of Rogues here juſt in the Fact.

King. Ha, ha, ha! What, turn'd Highwaymen, my Lords? or Deer-ſtealers?

Firſt Courtier. I am very glad to find your Majeſty in Health and Safety.

Second Courtier. We have run thro' a great many Perils and Dangers to-night: but the Joy of finding your Majeſty ſo unexpectedly, will make us forget all we have ſuffer'd.

Miller and Dick. What! is this the King?

King. I am very glad to ſee you, my Lords, I confeſs; and particularly you, my Lord *Lurewell.*

Lurewell. Your Majeſty does me Honour.

King. Yes, my Lord, and I will do you Juſtice too; your Honour has been highly wrong'd by this young Man.

Lurewell.

Lurewell. Wrong'd, my Liege!

King. I hope ſo, my Lord; for I would fain believe you can't be guilty of Baſeneſs and Treachery.

Lurewell. I hop: your Majeſty will never find me ſo. What dares this Villain ſay?

Dick. I am not to be frighted, my Lord. I dare ſpeak Truth at any Time.

Lurewell. Whatever ſtains my Honour muſt be falſe.

King. I know it muſt, my Lord; yet has this Man, not knowing who I was, preſum'd to charge your Lordſhip, not only with great Injuſtice to himſelf, but alſo with ruining an innocent Virgin whom he lov'd, and who was to have been his Wife; which, if true, were baſe and treacherous; but I know 'tis falſe, and therefore leave it to your Lordſhip to ſay what Puniſhment I ſhall inflict upon him, for the Injury done to your Honour.

Lurewell. I thank your Majeſty, I will not be ſevere; he ſhall only aſk my Pardon, and to-morrow Morning be oblig'd to marry the Creature he has traduc'd me with.

King. This is mild. Well, you hear your Sentence.

Dick. May I not have Leave to ſpeak before your Majeſty?

King. What canſt thou ſay?

Dick. If I had your Majeſty's Permiſſion, I believe I have certain Witneſſes which will undeniably prove the Truth of all I have accus'd his Lordſhip of.

King. Produce them.

Dick. Peggy!

Enter PEGGY.

King. Do you know this Woman, my Lord?

Lurewell. I know her, pleaſe your Majeſty, by Sight; ſhe is a Tenant's Daughter.

Peggy. [*Aſide.*] Majeſty! What, is this the King?

Dick. Yes.

King. Have you no particular Acquaintance with her?

Lurewell.

Lurewell. Hum——I have not ſeen her theſe ſeveral Months.

Dick. True, my Lord; and that is Part of your Accuſation; for, I believe, I have ſome Letters which will prove your Lordſhip once had a more particular Acquaintance with her. Here is one of the firſt his Lordſhip wrote to her, full of the tendereſt and moſt ſolemn Proteſtations of Love and Conſtancy; here is another which will inform your Majeſty of the Pains he took to ruin her; there is an abſolute Promiſe of Marriage before he could accompliſh it.

King. What ſay you, my Lord, are theſe your Hand?

Lurewell. I believe, pleaſe your Majeſty, I might have a little Affair of Gallantry with the Girl ſome time ago.

King. It was a little Affair, my Lord; a mean Affair; and what you call Gallantry, I call Infamy. Do you think, my Lord, that Greatneſs gives a Sanction to Wickedneſs? Or that it is the Prerogative of Lords to be unjuſt and inhumane? You remember the Sentence which yourſelf pronounc'd upon this innocent Man; you cannot think it hard that it ſhould paſs on you who are guilty.

Lurewell. I hope your Majeſty will conſider my Rank, and not oblige me to marry her.

King. Your Rank? my Lord. Greatneſs that ſtoops to Actions baſe and low, deſerts its Rank, and pulls its Honours down. What makes your Lordſhip great! Is it your gilded Equipage and Dreſs? Then put it on your meaneſt Slave, and he's as great as you. Is it your Riches or Eſtate? The Villain that ſhould plunder you of all, would then be as great as you. No, my Lord, he that acts greatly, is the true great Man. I therefore think you ought, in Juſtice, to marry her you thus have wrong'd.

Peggy. Let my Tears thank your Majeſty. But alas! I am afraid to marry this young Lord: that would only give him Power to uſe me worſe, and ſtill encreaſe my Miſery: I therefore beg your Majeſty will not command him to do it.

King. Riſe then, and hear me. My Lord, you ſee how low the greateſt Nobleman may be reduced by ungenerous Actions. Here is, under your own Hand, an abſolute

abſolute Promiſe of Marriage to this young Woman, which, from a thorough Knowledge of your Unworthineſs, ſhe has prudently declin'd to make you fulfil. I ſhall therefore not inſiſt upon it; but I command you, upon Pain of my Diſpleaſure, immediately to ſettle on her three hundred Pounds a Year.

Peggy. May Heaven reward your Majeſty's Goodneſs, 'Tis too much for me; but if your Majeſty thinks fit, let it be ſettled upon this much-injur'd Man, to make ſome Satisfaction for the Wrongs which have been done him. As to myſelf, I only ſought to clear the Innocence of him I lov'd and wrong'd, then hide me from the World, and die forgiven.

Dick. This Act of gen'rous Virtue cancels all paſt Failings; come to my Arms, and be as dear as ever.

Peggy. You cannot ſure forgive me!

Dick. I can, I do, and ſtill will make you mine.

Peggy. O! why did I ever wrong ſuch generous Love?

Dick. Talk no more of it. Here let us kneel, and thank the Goodneſs which has made us bleſt.

King. May you be happy.

Miller. [*Kneels.*] After I have ſeen ſo much of your Majeſty's Goodneſs, I cannot deſpair of Pardon, even for the rough Uſage your Majeſty received from me.

[*The King draws his Sword, the Miller is frighted, and riſes up, thinking he was going to kill him.*]

What have I done that I ſhould loſe my Life?

King. Kneel without Fear. No, my good Hoſt, ſo far are you from having any thing to pardon, that I am much your Debtor. I cannot think but ſo good and honeſt a Man will make a worthy and honourable Knight; ſo riſe up, Sir *John Cockle:* And to ſupport your State, and in ſome ſort requite the Pleaſure you have done us, a thouſand Marks a Year ſhall be your Revenue.

Miller. Your Majeſty's Bounty I receive with Thankfulneſs; I have been guilty of no Meanneſs to obtain it, and hope I ſhall not be obliged to keep it upon baſe Conditions; for tho' I am willing to be a faithful Subject, I am reſolved to be a free, and an honeſt Man.

King

King. I rely upon your being ſo: and, to gain the Friendſhip of ſuch a one, I ſhall always think an Addition to my Happineſs, tho' a King.

Worth, in whatever State, is ſure a Prize,
Which Kings, of all Men, ought not to deſpiſe;
By ſelfiſh Sycophants ſo cloſe beſieg'd,
'Tis by mere Chance a worthy Man's oblig'd:
But hence, to every Courtier be it known,
Virtue ſhall find Protection from the Throne.

Sir JOHN COCKLE

AT

COURT.

Being the SEQUEL to the

KING and the MILLER.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. CIBBER.

AS ſome poor Orphan, at the friendly Gate
Where once reliev'd, again preſumes to wait;
So mov'd by former Kindneſs to him ſhewn,
Our honeſt MILLER *ventures up to Town.*
He greets you all. His hearty Thanks I bear
To each kind Friend. He hopes you're all ſo here.
Hopes the ſame Favour you'll continue ſtill
At Court, which late you ſhew'd him at the Mill.
Why ſhould you not? If plain untutor'd Senſe
Should ſpeak blunt Truths, who here will take Offence?
For common Right he pleads, no Party's Slave;
A Foe, on either Side, to Fool and Knave.
Free, as at Mansfield, *he at Court appears,*
Still uncorrupted by mean Hopes and Fears.
Plainly his Mind does to his Prince impart,
Alone emboldened by an honeſt Heart.
Theſe are his Merits——on this Plea I ſue——
But humbly he refers his Cauſe to you.

PROLOGUE.

* " *Small Faults, we hope, with Candour you'll excuſe,*
" *Nor harſhly treat a ſelf-convicted Muſe.*
If, after Tryal, he ſhould Mercy find,
He'll own that Mercy with a grateful Mind;
Or, by ſtrict Juſtice, if he's doom'd to Death,
Will then, without Appeal, reſign his Breath.

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* Theſe two Lines were added after the firſt Night's Performance, occaſioned by ſome Things which the Audience very juſtly found fault with; and which, the ſecond time, were left out, or alter'd as much as poſſible; and the Author takes this opportunity of thanking the Town for ſo judiciouſly and favourably correcting him.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

LORD! what a ſtupid Race theſe Poets are!
This timorous Fool has made me mad, I ſwear:
Here have I teaz'd him every Day this Week
To get an Epilogue—'tis ſtill to ſeek.
No, no, he cry'd: I fear 'twill meet ſad Fate;
And can one thank an Audience after that?
Well, Mr. What-dye-call't, ſaid I, ſuppoſe it ſhou'd;
A merry Epilogue might do it good.
Yes, Madam, ſaid he, and ſmil'd—if I could write
With Humour fit for you to ſpeak, it might.
'Twas very civil of the Man indeed———
Come, come, ſaid I, write ſomething, never heed.
Well—if it pleaſe, ſaid he,—on that Condition,
Pray make my Compliments, with due Submiſſion;
The Matter and the Words I leave to you——
I thank'd him; and I'll try what I can do.

Our Author thanks you for the Favour ſhewn him,
The Man is modeſt; that I muſt ſay on him.
He ſays, 'tis your Indulgence, not his Merit——
But, were I he, faith I'd pluck up a Spirit;
I think 'tis meanly giving up his Cauſe,
To claim no Merit, when he has your Applauſe.
Were I to compliment you as I wou'd,
I'd ſay, you lik'd the Thing, becauſe 'twas good.
But he muſt have his Way—and ſo to you
His grateful Thanks I give, as juſtly due.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

The King.	Mr. *Cibber.*
Sir John Cockle.	Mr. *Miller.*
Sir Timothy Flaſh.	Mr. *Beard.*
Greenwood.	Mr. *Hill.*
Buckram, *a Taylor.*	Mr. *Gray.*
Barber.	Mr. *Ray.*
French *Cook.*	Mr. *Woodward.*
Vintner.	Mr. *Turbett.*
Joe.	Mr. *Marſhall.*
Three Courtiers.	Mr. *Raſtor.* Mr. *Woodbourn.* Mr. *Leigh.*

WOMEN.

Miſs Kitty.	Mrs. *Clive.*
Mrs. Starch.	Miſs *Tollet.*

Sir *JOHN COCKLE*

AT

COURT.

SCENE I.

Sir JOHN, *Taylor*, *Barber*, *and* JOE.

Taylor.

'TIS the Faſhion, Sir, I aſſure you.

Sir *John.* Faſhions are for Fools, don't tell me of Faſhion. Muſt a Man make an Aſs of himſelf, becauſe it's the Faſhion?

Taylor. But you would be like other Folks, Sir, wou'd not you?

Sir *John.* No, Sir, if this is their Likeneſs, I wou'd not be like other Folks. Why, a Man might as well be cas'd up in Armour; here's Buckram and Whalebone enough to turn a Bullet.

Joe. Sir, here's the Barber has brought you home a new Periwigg.

Sir *John.* Let him come in. Come, Friend, let's ſee if you're as good at Faſhions as Mr. *Buckram* here. What the Devil's this?

Barber. The Bag, Sir.

Sir *John.* The Bag, Sir! And what's this Bag for, Sir? This is not the Faſhion too, I hope.

Barber. It's what is very much wore, Sir, indeed.

Sir *John.* Wore, Sir! how is it wore? where is it wore? what is it for?

Barber. Sir, it is only for Ornament.

Sir *John.* O, 'tis an Ornament! I beg your Pardon! Now, poſitively, I ſhould not have taken this for an Ornament. My poor grey Hairs are, in my Opinion, much more becoming. But, come, put it on. There, now, what do you think I am like?

Joe. I cod Meaſter, you're not like the ſame Mon, I'm ſure.

Barber. Sir, 'tis very genteel, I aſſure you.

Sir *John.* Genteel! ay, that it may be, for aught I know, but I'm ſure 'tis very ugly.

Barber. They wear nothing elſe in *France*, Sir.

Sir *John.* In *France*, Sir! what's *France* to me? I'm an *Engliſhman*, Sir, and know no Right the Fools of *France* have to be my Examples. Here, take it again; I'll have none of your new-fangled *French* Fopperies: and if you pleaſe, I'll make you a Preſent of this fine faſhionable Coat again. Faſhion, indeed!

[*Exeunt Taylor, Barber, and Joe.*

Re-enter Joe *with the French Cook.*

Joe. Sir, here's a fine Gentleman wants to ſpeak with you.

Cook. Sir, me have hear dat your Honour, want one Cook.

Sir *John.* Sir, you are very obliging; I ſuppoſe you wou'd recommend one to me. But, as I don't know you——

Cook. No, no, Sir, me am one Cook myſelf, and wou'd be proud of de Honour to ſerve you.

Sir *John.* You a Cook! and pray, what Wages may you expect, to afford ſuch Finery as that?

Cook.

Cook. Me will have one hundred Guinea a Year, no more; and two or three Servant under me to do de Work.

Sir *John.* Hum! very reaſonable truly! And, pray, what extraordinary Matters can you do to deſerve ſuch Wages?

Cook. O, me can make you one hundred Diſh de *Englis* know noting of; me can make you de portable Soup to put in your Pocket; me can dreſs you de Fowl *a-la Marli, en Galantine, a-la Montmorancy*; *de* Duck, *en Grinadin*; *de* Chicken, *a-la Chombre*; *de* Turkey, *en Botine*; *de* Pidgeon, *en Mirliton, a l' Italienne, a-la d' Huxelles:* en fine, me can give you de Eſſence of five or ſix Ham, and de Juice of ten or twelve Stone of Beef, all in de Sauce of one littel Diſh.

Sir *John.* Very fine! At this Rate no wonder the poor are ſtarv'd, and the Butcher unpaid. No, I will have no ſuch Cooks, I promiſe you; it is the Luxury and Extravagance introduc'd by ſuch *French* Kickſhaw-mongers as you, that has devour'd and deſtroy'd old *Engliſh* Hoſpitality. Go, go about your Buſineſs; I have no Mind to be beggar'd, nor to beggar honeſt Tradeſmen. Joe! [*Exit Cook.*

Joe. Sir.

Sir *John.* Let my Daughter know the King has ſent for me, and I am gone to Court to wait on his Majeſty.

Joe. Yes, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The KING *and ſeveral* COURTIERS.

King. Well, my Lords, our old Friend the Miller of *Mansfield* is arriv'd at laſt.

Firſt Courtier. He has been in Town two or three Days; has not your Majeſty ſeen him yet?

King. No, but I have ſent for him to attend me this Evening; and I deſign, with only you, my Lords, who are

are now preſent, to entertain myſelf a while with his honeſt Freedom. He will be here preſently.

Second Courtier. He muſt certainly divert your Majeſty.

Third Courtier. He may be diverting, perhaps; but if I may ſpeak my Mind freely, I think there is ſomething too plain and rough in his Behaviour for your Majeſty to bear.

King. Your Lordſhip, perhaps, may be afraid of plain Truth and Sincerity, but I am not.

Third Courtier. I beg your Majeſty's Pardon; I did not ſuppoſe you was; I only think there is a certain Awe and Reverence due to your Majeſty, which I am afraid his Want of Politeneſs may make him tranſgreſs.

King. My Lord, whilſt I love my Subjects, and preſerve to them all their Rights and Liberties, I doubt not of meeting with a proper Reſpect from the roughest of them: but as for the Awe and Reverence which your Politeneſs would flatter me with, I love it not. I will, that all my Subjects treat me with Sincerity. An honeſt Freedom of Speech, as it is every honeſt Man's Right, ſo none can be afraid of it but he that is conſcious to himſelf of Ill-deſervings. Sound Maxims, and right Conduct, can never be ridicul'd; and where the contrary prevail, the ſevereſt Cenſure is the greateſt Kindneſs.

Third Courtier. I believe your Majeſty is in the right, and I ſtand corrected.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gentleman. May it pleaſe your Majeſty, here is a Perſon who calls himſelf Sir *John Cockle*, the Miller of *Manſfield*, begs Admittance to your Majeſty.

King. Conduct him in.

Enter Sir John.

King. Honeſt Sir *John Cockle*, you are welcome to *London*.

Sir *John.* I thank your Majeſty for the Honour you do me, and am glad to find your Majeſty in good Health.

King. But pray, Sir *John*, why in the Habit of a Miller yet? What I gave you was with a Deſign to ſet you above

above the mean Dependance of a Trade for Subſiſtence.

Sir *John.* Your Majeſty will pardon my Freedom. Whilſt my Trade will ſupport me, I am independent, and I look upon that to be more honourable in an *Engliſhman* than any Dependence whatſoever. I am a plain, blunt Man, and may poſſibly, ſome time or other, offend your Majeſty; and where then is my Subſiſtence?

King. And dare you not truſt the Honour of a King?

Sir *John.* Without doubt I might truſt your Majeſty very ſafely; but in general, though the Honour of Kings ought to be more ſacred, the Humour of Kings is like that of other Men; and when they pleaſe to change their Mind, who ſhall dare to call their Honour in queſtion?

King. Sir *John*, you are in the right, and I am glad to ſee you maintain that noble Freedom of Spirit: I wiſh all my Subjects were as independent on me as you reſolve to be; I ſhould then hear more Truth and leſs Flattery. But come, what News? How does my Lady and your Son *Richard?*

Sir *John.* I thank your Majeſty, *Margery* is very well, and ſo is *Dick.*

King. I hope you have brought her up to Town with you.

Sir *John.* She has diſpleas'd me of late very much.

King. In what?

Sir *John.* You ſhall hear. When I was only plain *John Cockle*, the Miller of *Mansfield*, a Farmer's Son in the Neighbourhood made Love to my Daughter. He was a worthy, honeſt Man. He lov'd my Daughter ſincerely, and, to all Appearance, her Affections were placed on him. I approv'd of the Match, and gave him my Conſent. But when your Majeſty's Bounty had raiſed my Fortune and Condition, my Daughter *Kate* became Miſs *Kitty:* She grew a fine Girl, and was preſently taken notice of by the young Gentlemen of the Country. Amongſt the reſt, Sir *Timothy Flaſh*, a young, rakiſh, extravagant Knight, made his Addreſſes to her; his Title, his Dreſs, his Equipage, dazzled her Eyes and her Underſtanding; and fond, I ſuppoſe, of being made a Lady, ſhe deſpiſes and forſakes her firſt Lover, the honeſt Farmer,

and

and is determined to marry this mad, wrong-headed Knight.

King. And is this the Occaſion of your Diſpleaſure? I ſhould think you had rather Cauſe to rejoice that ſhe was ſo prudent. What! do you think it no Advantage to your Daughter, nor Honour to yourſelf, to be ally'd to ſo great a Man?

Sir *John.* It may be an Honour to be ally'd to a great Man, when a great Man is a Man of Honour; but that is not always the Caſe. Beſides, nothing that is unjuſt, can be either prudent or honourable: And the breaking her Faith and Promiſe with a Man that lov'd, and every Way deſerv'd her, merely for the Sake of a little Vanity, or Self-intereſt, is an Action that I am aſham'd my Daughter could be guilty of.

King. Why you are the moſt extraordinary Man, I ever knew: I have heard of Fathers, quarrelling with their Children for marrying fooliſhly for Love; but you are ſo ſingular, as to blame your's for marrying wiſely for Intereſt.

Sir *John.* Why, I may differ a little from the common Practice of my Neighbours——But I hope your Majeſty does not, therefore, think me to blame.

King. No: Singularity in the right, is never a Crime. If you are ſatisfied your Actions are juſt, let the World bluſh that they are ſingular.

Sir *John.* Nay, and I am, perhaps, not ſo regardleſs of Intereſt as your Majeſty may apprehend. It is very poſſible a Knight, or even a Lord, may be poor as well as a Farmer. No Offence, I hope.

[*Turning to the Courtiers.*

Courtier. No, no, no. Impertinent Fellow. [*Aſide.*

King. Well, Sir *John*, I ſhall be glad to hear more of this Affair another Time; but tell me now how you like *London.* Your Son *Richard*, I remember, gave a very ſatirical Deſcription of it; I hope you are better entertain'd.

Sir *John.* So well, that I aſſure your Majeſty, I am in Admiration and Wonder all Day long.

King. Ay! Well, let us hear what it is you admire and wonder at.

Sir *John.*

Sir *John.* Almoſt every thing I ſee or hear of. When I ſee the Splendor and Magnificence in which ſome Noblemen appear, I admire their Riches; but when I hear of their Debts, and their Mortgages, I wonder at their Folly. When I hear of a Dinner coſting an hundred Pounds, I am ſurpriz'd that one Man ſhould have ſo many Friends to entertain; but when I am told, that it was made only for five or ſix ſqueamiſh Lords, or piddling Ladies, that eat not, perhaps, an Ounce a-piece, I am quite aſtoniſh'd. When I hear of an Eſtate of twenty or thirty Thouſand a Year, I envy the Man that has it in his Power to do ſo much Good, and wonder how he diſpoſes of it; but when I am told of the neceſſary Expences of a Gentleman in Horſes and Whores, and Eating and Drinking, and Dreſſing and Gaming, I am ſurpriz'd that the poor Man is able to live. In ſhort, when I conſider our publick Credit, our Honour, our Courage, our Freedom, our publick Spirit, I am ſurpriz'd, amaz'd, aſtoniſh'd, and confounded.

Firſt Courtier. Is not this bold, Sir?

Sir *John.* Perhaps it may; but I ſuppoſe his Majeſty would not have an *Engliſhman* a Coward?

King. Far from it. Let the generous Spirit of Freedom reign uncheck'd: To ſpeak his Mind, is the undoubted Right of every *Briton*; and be it the Glory of my Reign, that all my Subjects enjoy that honeſt Liberty. 'Tis my Wiſh to redreſs all Grievances; to right all Wrongs: but Kings, alas! are but fallible Men; Errors in Government will happen, as well as Failings in private Life, and ought to be candidly imputed. And let me aſk you one Queſtion, Sir *John.* Do you really think you could honeſtly withſtand all the Temptations that Wealth and Power would lay before you?

Sir *John.* I will not boaſt before your Majeſty; perhaps I could not. Yet give me leave to ſay, the Man whom Wealth or Power can make a Villain, is ſure unworthy of poſſeſſing either.

King. Suppoſe Self-intereſt too ſhould claſh with publick Duty?

Sir *John.* Suppoſe it ſhould: 'Tis always a Man's Duty to be juſt; and doubly his with whom the Publick truſt their Rights and Liberties.

King. I think ſo; nay, he who cannot ſcorn the narrow Intereſt of his own poor ſelf, to ſerve his Country, and defend her Rights, deſerves not the Protection of a Country to defend his own; at leaſt, ſhould not be truſted with the Rights of other Men.

Sir *John.* I wiſh no ſuch were ever truſted.

King. I wiſh ſo too: But how are Kings to know the Hearts of Men?

Sir *John.* 'Tis difficult indeed; yet ſomething might be done.

King. What?

Sir *John.* The Man whom a King employs, or a Nation truſts, ſhould be thoroughly try'd. Examine his private Character: mark how he lives; is he luxurious, or proud, or ambitious, or extravagant; avoid him: The Soul of that Man is mean; Neceſſity will preſs him, and publick Fraud muſt pay his private Debts. But if you find a Man with a clear Head, ſound Judgment, and a right honeſt Heart; that is the Man to ſerve both you and his Country.

King. You're right; and ſuch by me ſhall ever be diſtinguiſh'd. 'Tis both my Duty and my Intereſt to promote 'em. To ſuch, if I give Wealth, it will enrich the Publick; to ſuch, if I give Power, the Nation will be mighty; to ſuch, if I give Honour, I ſhall raiſe my own. But ſurely, Sir *John*, your's is not the Language, nor the Sentiments of a common Miller; how, in a Cottage, could you gain this ſuperior Wiſdom?

Sir *John.* Wiſdom is not confin'd to Palaces; nor always to be bought with Gold. I read often, and think ſometimes; and he who does that, may gain ſome Knowledge, even in a Cottage. As for any thing ſuperior, I pretend not to it. What I have ſaid, I hope is plain good Senſe; at leaſt 'tis honeſt, and well meant.

King. Sir *John*, I think ſo; and, to convince you how much I eſteem your plain Dealing and Sincerity of Heart, receive this Ring as a Mark of my Favour.

Sir *John.* I thank your Majeſty.

King.

King. Don't thank me now; at preſent I have Buſineſs that muſt be diſpatch'd, and will deſire you to leave me; before 'tis long I'll ſee you again.

Sir *John.* I wiſh your Majeſty a good Night. [*Exit.*

King. Well, my Lords, what do you think of this Miller?

Firſt Courtier. He talks well; what he is in the Bottom I don't know.

Second Courtier. I'm afraid not ſound.

Third Courtier. I fancy he's ſet on by ſomebody to impoſe upon your Majeſty with this fair Shew of Honeſty.

Firſt Courtier. Or is not he ſome cunning Knave, that wants to work himſelf into your Majeſty's Favour?

King. I have a Fancy come into my Head to try him; which I'll communicate to you, and put in Execution immediately. An Hour hence, my Lords, I ſhall expect to ſee you at Sir *John*'s. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Tavern.

Sir TIMOTHY FLASH, *the* LANDLORD, *and* GREENWOOD.

Sir *Timothy.* Honeſt *Bacchus*, how doſt thou do?

Landlord. Sir, I am very glad to ſee you; pray when did you come to Town?

Sir *Timothy.* Yeſterday; and on an Affair that I ſhall want a little of your Aſſiſtance in.

Landlord. Any thing in my Power, you know, you may command.

Sir *Timothy.* You muſt know then, I have an Intrigue with a young Lady that's juſt come to Town with her Father, and want an agreeable Houſe to meet her at; can you recommend one to me?

Landlord.

Landlord. I can recommend you, Sir, to the moſt convenient Woman in all *London.* What think you of Mrs. *Wheedle?*

Sir *Timothy.* The beſt Woman in all the World: I know her very well; how cou'd I be ſo ſtupid not to think of her? *Greenwood,* do you know where our Country Neighbour, Sir *John Cockle,* lodges?

Greenwood. Yes, Sir.

Sir *Timothy.* Don't be out of the Way then; I ſhall ſend a Letter by you preſently, which you muſt deliver privately into Miſs *Kitty*'s own Hand. If ſhe comes with you, I ſhall give you Directions where to conduct her, and do you come back here and let me know.

Greenwood. Yes, Sir. Poor *Kitty,* is it thus thy Falſehood to me is to be puniſh'd? I will prevent thy Ruin however. *Exit.*

Sir TIMOTHY *ſings.*

O the pleaſing, pleaſing Joys
Which in Women we poſſeſs!
O the Raptures which ariſe!
They alone have Power to bleſs!

Beauty ſmiling,
Wit beguiling,
Kindneſs charming,
Fancy warming,
Kiſſing, toying,
Melting, dying,
O the Raptures which ariſe!
O the pleaſing, pleaſing Joys!

Landlord. You are a merry Wag.

Sir *Timothy.* Merry, ay! why what is Life without enjoying the Pleaſures of it? Come, I'll write this Letter, and then, honeſt *Bacchus,* we'll taſte what Wine thou haſt got.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Miſs KITTY *and Mrs.* STARCH.

Miſs. But pray, Mrs. *Starch*, does all new Faſhions come up firſt at Court?

Mrs. *Starch.* O dear, Madam, yes. They do nothing elſe there but ſtudy new Faſhions. That's what the Court is for: And we Milliners, and Taylors, and Barbers, and Mantua-makers, go there to learn Faſhions for the Good of the Publick.

Miſs. But, Madam; was not you ſaying juſt now that it was the Faſhion for the Ladies to paint themſelves?

Mrs. *Starch.* Yes.

Miſs. Well, that is pure; then one may be as handſome as ever one will, you know. And if it was not for a few Freckles, I believe I ſhould be very well, ſhould not I, Mrs. *Starch?*

Mrs. *Starch.* Indeed, Madam, you are very handſome.

Miſs. Nay, don't flatter me now; do you really think I am handſome?

Mrs. *Starch.* Upon my Word you are. What a Shape is there! What a genteel Air! What a ſparkling Eye!

Miſs. Indeed, I doubt you flatter me. Not but I have an Eye, and can make uſe of it too as well as the beſt of them, if I pleaſe.

SONG.

Tho' born in a Country Town,
The Beauties of London *unknown,*
My Heart is as tender,
My Waiſt is as ſlender,
My Skin is as white,
My Eyes are as bright
As the beſt of them all,
That twinkle or ſparkle at Court or Ball.

I can

I can ogle and ſigh,
Then frown and be coy;
Falſe Sorrow
Now borrow,
And riſe in a Rage;
Then languiſh
In Anguiſh,
And ſoftly, and ſoftly engage.

But pray, Mrs. *Starch*, which do you think the moſt genteel Walk now? To trip it away o' this Manner? or to ſwim ſmoothly along, thus?

Mrs. *Starch.* They both become you extremely.

Miſs. Do they really? I'm glad you think ſo, for, indeed, I believe you are a very good Judge. And, now I think on't, I'll have your Opinion in ſomething elſe. What do you think it is that makes a fine Lady?

Mrs. *Starch.* Why, Madam, a fine Perſon, fine Wit, fine Airs, and fine Cloaths.

Miſs. Well, you have told me already that I'm very handſome, you know, ſo that's one thing; but, as for Wit, what's that? I don't know what that is, Mrs *Starch.*

Mrs. *Starch.* O Madam, Wit is, as one may ſay,——the——the being very witty; that is——comical, as it were; doing ſomething to make every-body laugh.

Miſs. O, is that all? nay then I can be as witty as any body, for I am very comical. Well, but what's the next? Fine Airs; O, let me alone for fine Airs; I have Airs enough, if I can but get Lovers to practiſe 'em upon. And then, fine Cloaths, why, theſe are very fine Cloaths, I think; don't you think ſo, Mrs. *Starch?*

Mrs. *Starch.* Yes. Madam.

Enter Sir John, *obſerving them.*

Miſs. And is not this a very pretty Cap too? Does not it become me?

Mrs. *Starch.* Yes, Madam.

Miſs. But don't you think this Hoop a little too big?

Sir *John.* No, no, too big! no. Not above ſix or ſeven Yards round.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Starch.* Indeed, Sir, 'tis within the Circumference of the Mode a great deal.

Sir *John.* That it may be, but I'm ſure its beyond the Circumference of Modeſty a great deal.

Miſs. Lord, papa, can't you dreſs yourſelf as you've a Mind, and let us alone. How ſhould you know any thing of Women's Faſhions? Come, let us go into the next Room.

[*Exeunt Miſs and Mrs.* Starch.

Enter JOE *with* GREENWOOD.

Joe. Sir, here's one that you'll be very glad to ſee.

Sir *John.* Who is it?——What, honeſt *Greenwood!* May I believe my Eyes?

Greenwood. Sir, I am very glad to ſee you; I hope all your Family are well.

Sir *John.* Very well. But, for Heaven's ſake, what has brought thee to *London?* What's the Meaning of this Livery? I don't underſtand thee.

Greenwood. I don't wonder that you are ſurprized; but I will explain myſelf. You know the faithful, honeſt Love I bear your Daughter, and you are ſenſible, ſince the Addreſſes of Sir *Timothy Flaſh*, how much her Falſehood has grieved me; yet more for her Sake, even than my own: my own Unhappineſs I could endure with Patience, but the Thoughts of ſeeing her reduced to Shame and Miſery, I cannot bear.

Sir *John.* What doſt thou mean?

Greenwood. I very much ſuſpect his Deſigns upon her are not honourable.

Sir *John.* Not honourable! he dare not wrong me ſo!——But, go on.

Greenwood. Immediately after you had left the Country, hearing that he was haſtening to *London* after you, and wanted a Servant, I went and offer'd myſelf, reſolving, by a ſtrict Watch on all his Actions, to prevent, if poſſible, the Ruin of her I cannot but love, how ill ſoever I have been treated. Not knowing me to be his Rival, he brought me along with him. We arrived in *London* yeſterday,

yeſterday, and I am now ſent by him to give your Daughter privately this Letter.

Sir *John.* What can it tend to? I know not what to think; but if I find he dares to mean me Wrong, by this good Hand———

Greenwood. Then let me tell ye, he means you villainous Wrong. The Ruin of your Daughter is contrived; I heard the Plot; and this very Letter is to put it in Execution.

Sir *John.* What ſhall I do?

Greenwood. Leave all to me. I'll deliver the Letter, and, by her Behaviour, we ſhall know better how to take our Meaſures. But how ſhall I ſee her?

Sir *John.* She is in the next Room; I'll go in and ſend her to you.

Greenwood. If you tell her who it is, perhaps ſhe will not be ſeen.

Sir *John.* I won't. [*Exit.*

Enter Miſs KITTY.

Miſs. Bleſs me! is not that Sir *Timothy*'s Liv'ry! [*Aſide.*] Pray, Sir, is Sir *Timothy Flaſh* come to Town?

Greenwood. Yes, Madam.

Miſs. Good lack! is it you? What new Whim have you got in your Head now, pray?

Greenwood. No new Whim in my Head, but an old one in my Heart, which, I am afraid, will not be eaſily remov'd.

Miſs. Indeed, young Man, I'm ſorry for it; but you have had my Anſwer already, and I wonder you ſhould trouble me again.

Greenwood. And is it thus you receive me! Is this the Reward of all my faithful Love?

Miſs. Can I help your being in Love? I'm ſure I don't deſire it; I wiſh you would not teaze me with your impertinent Love any more.

Greenwood. Why then did you encourage it? For, give me leave to ſay, you once did love me.

Miſs. Perhaps I might, when I thought myſelf but your Equal; but now, I think, you cannot in Modeſty pretend to me any longer.

Greenwood. Vain, fooliſh Girl! for Heaven's Sake, what Alteration do you find in yourſelf for the better? In what, I wonder, does the fine Lady differ from the Miller's Daughter? Have you more Wit, more Senſe, or more Virtue, than you had before? Or are you in any thing alter'd from your former Self, except in Pride, Folly, and Affectation?

Miſs. Sir, let me tell you theſe are Liberties that don't become you at all. Miller's Daughter!

Greenwood. Come, come, *Kitty*, for Shame lay aſide theſe fooliſh Airs of the fine Lady; return to yourſelf, and let me aſk you one ſerious Queſtion; do you really think Sir *Timothy* deſigns to marry you?

Miſs. You are very impertinent to aſk me ſuch a Queſtion; but to ſilence your Preſumption for ever——I'm ſure he deſigns it.

Greenwood. I'm glad ſhe thinks ſo however. [*Aſide.*] Nay, then, I do not expect you will reſign the flattering Proſpect of Wealth and Grandeur, to live in a Cottage on a little Farm. 'Tis true, I ſhall be independent of all the World; my Farm, however ſmall, will be my own, unmortgaged.

Miſs. Pſha! can you buy me fine Cloaths? Can you keep me a Coach? Can you make me a Lady? If not, I adviſe you to go down again to your pitiful Farm, and marry ſomebody ſuitable to your Rank.

SONG.

Adieu to your Cart and your Plough;
I ſcorn to milk your Cow.
Your Turkeys and Geeſe,
Your Butter and Cheeſe,
Are much below me now.
If ever I wed,
I'll hold up my Head,
And be a fine Lady I vow.

And ſo, Sir, your very humble Servant,

Greenwood.

Greenwood. Nay, Madam, you ſhall not leave me yet; I have ſomething more to ſay before we part. Suppoſe this worthy, honourable Knight, inſtead of Marriage, ſhould only have a baſe Deſign upon your Virtue.

Miſs. He ſcorns it: No, he loves me, and I know will marry me.

Greenwood. Dear *Kitty*, be not deceived; I know he will not.

Kitty. You know nothing of the Matter.

Greenwood. Read that, and be convinc'd. [*She reads.*]

My dear Angel,

I *Could no longer ſtay in the Country, when you was not there to make it agreeable. I came to Town yeſterday; and beg, if poſſible, you will, this Evening, make me happy with your Company. I will meet you at a Relation's; my Servant will conduct you to the Houſe. I am impatient 'till I throw myſelf into your Arms, and convince you how much I am,*

Your fond and paſſionate Admirer.

TIMOTHY FLASH.

Miſs. Well, and what is there in this to convince me of his ill Intentions?

Greenwood. Enough, I think. If his Deſigns are honourable, why are they not open? Why does he not come to your Father's Houſe, and make his Propoſals? Why are you to be met in the Dark at a Stranger's?

Miſs. Let me ſee; "I'll meet you at a Relation's; my "Servant will conduct you;" indeed I don't know what to think of that.

Greenwood. I'll tell you, Madam; that pretended Relation is a notorious Bawd.

Miſs. 'Tis falſe; you have contriv'd this Story to abuſe me.

Greenwood. No, *Kitty*, ſo well I love you, that, if I thought his Deſigns were juſt, I could rejoice in your Happineſs, though at the Expence of my own.

Miſs. You ſtrangely ſurprize me; I wiſh I knew the Truth.

Greenwood. To convince you of my Truth, here is a Direction to the Houſe in his own Hand, which he himſelf gave me, leſt I ſhould miſtake: Whither, if you ſtill doubt my Sincerity, and think proper to go, I am ready to be your Conductor.

Miſs. And is this the End of all his Deſigns! have I been courted only to my Ruin! my Eyes are now too clearly open'd. What have I been doing?

Greenwood. If you are but ſo convinc'd of your Danger, as to avoid it, I am ſatisfy'd.

Enter Sir JOHN.

Sir *John.* What do I hear? Are you reconcil'd then?

Miſs. My dear Father! I have been cheated and abuſed.

Sir *John.* I hope your Virtue is untouch'd.

Miſs. That I will always preſerve.

Sir *John.* Then I forgive you any thing. But how ſhall we be reveng'd on this Scoundrel Knight?

Miſs. Contrive but that, and I am eaſy.

Greenwood. As his baſe Deſigns have not been executed, I think if we could expoſe and laugh at him, it would be ſufficient Puniſhment.

Sir *John.* If it could be done ſeverely.

Miſs. I think it may. I believe I have found out a Way to be reveng'd on him; come with me into the next Room, and we'll put it in Execution.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, a Gentleman deſires to ſpeak with you.

Sir *John.* I'll come to him.—Go you together, d'ye hear, and contrive your Deſign.

[*They go out ſeverally.*

SCENE V.

Sir JOHN, *and the* KING, *diſguis'd as a Collegiate.*

Sir *John.* No Compliments, I tell ye, but come to the Point: What is your Buſineſs?

King. As I appear to you in the Habit of a Collegiate, you may fancy I am ſome queer pedantic Fellow; but I aſſure you I am a Perſon of ſome Birth, and had a liberal Education. I have ſeen the World, and kept the beſt Company. But living a little too freely, and having ſpent the greateſt Part of my Fortune on Women and Wine, I was perſuaded, by a certain Nobleman, to take Orders, and he would give me a Living, which he ſaid was coming into his Hands. I was juſt cloſing with the Propoſal, when the ſpiteful Incumbent recover'd, and I was diſappointed.

Sir *John.* Well, and what's all this to me?

King. Why, Sir, there is a Living now fallen, which is in the King's Gift, and I hear you have ſo good an Intereſt with his Majeſty, that I am perſuaded a Word from you, in my Favour, would be of great Service to me.

Sir *John.* And what muſt that Word be, pray?

King. Nay, that I leave to you.

Sir *John.* You are in the right; and I'll tell you what it ſhall be. That you being a ſenſeleſs, idle-headed Fellow, and having ruin'd yourſelf by your own Folly and Extravagance; you therefore think yourſelf highly qualified to teach Mankind their Duty. Will that do?

King. You are in Jeſt, Sir.

Sir *John.* Upon my Word, but I am in earneſt. I think he that recommends a profligate Wretch to the moſt ſerious Function in Life, merely for the Sake of a Joke, gives as bad a Proof of his Morals, as he does of his Wit.

King.

King. Sir, I honour your plain Dealing. You exactly anſwer the Character I have heard of your uncommon Sincerity; and, to let you ſee that I am capable of ſomething, I have wrote a Poem in Praiſe of that Virtue, which I beg Leave to preſent to you, and hope you will receive it kindly. [*Gives him the Poem.*

Sir *John.* Sir, I am not us'd to theſe Things: I don't underſtand 'em at all; but, let's ſee. [*Sir John reads. A Poem in Praiſe of the incomparable Sincerity and uncommon Honeſty of the worthy Sir* John Cockle, *&c.* —— Enough, enough; a Poem in Praiſe of Sincerity, with a fulſome Compliment in the very Title, is extraordinary indeed. Sir, I am obliged to you for your kind Intentions; your Wit and your Poetry may be very fine, for ought I know; but a little more common Senſe, I believe, could do you no harm.

King. He is not to be flatter'd, I find; but I'll try what Bribery will do. That, I'm afraid, hits every Body's Taſte. [*Aſide.*]——Shall I beg one Word more with you? Sir, you are a Gentleman of the greateſt Sincerity and Honour I ever met with, and, for that Reaſon, I ſhall always have the higheſt Regard for you in the World, and for all that belong to you. I hear your Daughter is going to be married; let me beg Leave to preſent her with this Diamond Buckle.

Sir *John.* Sir, you ſurprize me very much; pray, what may the Value of this be?

King. That's not worth mentioning; about five hundred Pounds, I believe.

Sir *John.* Why, did not you tell me, juſt now, that you had ſpent all your Fortune?

King. I did ſo; But it was for a particular Reaſon; and you ſhall find I am not ſo poor as I repreſented myſelf.

Sir *John.* I am glad of it. But, pray how am I to return this extraordinary Generoſity?

King. I expect no Return, Sir, upon my Honour. Tho' you have it in your Power to oblige me very much.

Sir *John.* Don't mention the Living, for that I have told you already you are not fit for.

King. I won't. But there is a certain Place at Court of another Kind, which I have long had a Mind to: 'Tis true, there is a ſorry inſignificant Fellow in Poſſeſſion of it at preſent; but he's of no Service; and I know your Power with the King; a Word or two from you would ſoon diſpoſſeſs him.

Sir *John.* But what muſt he be diſpoſſeſs'd for?

King. To make Room for me, that's all.

Sir *John.* Hum——Indeed, it won't do with me—here, take it again; and let me tell you, I am not to be flatter'd into a fooliſh Thing, nor brib'd into a baſe one.

King, diſcovering himſelf.] Then thou art my Friend; and I will keep thee next my Heart.

Sir *John.* And is it your Majeſty?

King. Be not ſurpriz'd; it is your own Maxim, that a King cannot be too cautious in trying thoſe whom he deſigns to truſt. Forgive this Diſguiſe; I have try'd thy Honeſty, and will no longer ſuſpect it.

Enter Greenwood.

Greenwood. Sir, I am come to let Miſs *Kitty* know privately, that my Maſter will be here diſguis'd immediately.

Sir *John.* Will he? Well, go into the next Room and tell her ſo. If your Majeſty will be ſo good as to retire in this Chamber a-while, you will hear ſomething, perhaps, that will divert you.

Enter Joe.

Joe. Sir, here's a Maid Servant come to be hir'd.

Sir *John.* Let her come in, I'll ſpeak to her preſently.

[*Exit with the King.*

Enter Sir Timothy, *diſguis'd as a Maid Servant.*

Sir *Timothy.* Well, I am obliged to the dear Girl for this kind Contrivance of getting me into the Houſe with her. 'Twill be charmingly convenient——

Re-enter

Re-enter Sir JOHN.

Sir *Timothy*. Sir, I heard that the young Lady, your Daughter, wanted a Servant, and I ſhould be proud of the Honour to ſerve her.

Sir *John*. My Daughter will be here preſently. Pray, my Dear, what's your Name?

Sir *Timothy*. Faith I never thought of that; what ſhall I ſay? *(Aſide.)* *Betty*, Sir.

Sir *John*. And pray, Mrs. *Betty*, who did you live with laſt?

Sir *Timothy*. Pox of his Impertinence; he has nonplus'd me again. *(Aſide.)* Sir, I—I——liv'd with Sir *Timothy Flaſh*.

Sir *John*. Ah! a vile Fellow that; a very vile Fellow, was not he? Did he pay you your Wages?

Sir *Timothy*. Yes, Sir. I ſhall be even with you for this, by-and-by. [*Aſide.*

Sir *John*. You was well off, then; for, they ſay it's what he very ſeldom does. Sad Pay!—I can tell you, one Part of your Buſineſs muſt be to watch that Villain, that he does not debauch my Daughter; for I hear he deſigns it. But I hope we ſhall prevent him.

Sir *Timothy*. I'll take care of her, Sir, to be ſure. I burſt with Laughter, to think how charmingly we ſhall gull the old Fellow. [*Aſide.*

Sir *John*. *Kate!*

Enter Miſs KITTY.

Here's a Maid for you, *Kate*, if you like her.

Miſs. O Lord! a Maid! why ſhe's a Monſter! I never ſaw ſo ugly a Thing in all my Life.

Sir *Timothy*. The cunning Jade does this to blind the old Fool. [*Aſide.*

Miſs. Pray, Child, what can you do?

Sir *Timothy*. I'll do the beſt I can to pleaſe you, Madam, and I don't queſtion but I ſhall do.

Miſs. Indeed you won't do.

Sir *Timothy.* I hope I ſhall, Madam, if you pleaſe to try me.

Miſs. No, I durſt not try you, indeed.

Sir *Timothy.* Why, Madam?

Miſs. Methinks you look like a Fool; I hate a Fool.

Sir *John.* Nay, my Dear, don't abuſe the young Woman; upon my Word, I think ſhe looks mighty well. Hold up your Head, Child. O Lord! Mrs. *Betty*, you have got a Beard, methinks.

[*Strokes her under the Chin.*

Miſs. What! has *Betty* got a Beard! Ha, ha, ha! Ah, *Betty!* why did not you ſhave cloſer? But I told ye you was a Fool!

Sir *John.* Well——and what Wages do you expect, my Dear?

Miſs. Ay, what Work do you deſign to do, my Dear?

Sir *John.* How cleverly you have bit the old Fool, ha!

Miſs. And how charmingly we ſhall laugh at him by-and-by, ha!

Sir *John.* Now don't you think you look like a Puppy?

Miſs. Poor Sir *Timothy!* are you diſappointed, Love? Come, don't nangry, and I'll ſing it a Song.

S O N G.

Ah, luckleſs Knight! I mourn thy Caſe:
Alas! what haſt thou done?
Poor Betty! *thou haſt loſt thy Place;*
Poor Knight! thy Sex is gone.

Learn, henceforth, from this Diſaſter,
When for Girls you lay your Plots,
That each Miſs expects a Maſter
In Breeches, not in Petticoats.

Sir *John* and *Miſs.* Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Timothy*. Zoons! am I to be us'd in this Manner? And do you think I will bear it unreveng'd?

Miſs. And have you the Impudence to think you are not well us'd?

Sir *John*. Nay, nay, if he's not ſatisfied; inſtead of the Entertainment he expected, ſuppoſe we give him what he deſerves. Who's within, there?

Enter three or four Servants, Sir TIMOTHY *runs off, and they after him.*

Sir *John*. They'll overtake him; and I don't doubt but they'll give him the Diſcipline he deſerves.

Enter KING, GREENWOOD, *and* COURTIERS.

King. After what yon have told me, I think they cannot uſe him too ill. Madam, I wiſh you Joy of your Eſcape from the Ruin which threaten'd you.

Miſs. The King! I thank your Majeſty.

King. And I am glad to hear that you are reconcil'd to an honeſt Man that deſerves you.

Miſs. I ſee my Error, and, I hope, by my future Conduct, to make amends for the Uneaſineſs I have given to ſo good a Father.

Sir *John*. My dear Child, I am fully ſatisfied: and I hope thou wilt every Day be more and more convinc'd, that the Happineſs of a Wife does not conſiſt in a Title, or fine Appearance of her Huſband, but in the Worthineſs of his Sentiments, and the Fondneſs of his Heart.

King. And now, my good old Man, henceforth be thou my Friend. I will give thee an Apartment in my Palace, that thou may'ſt always be near my Perſon. And let me conjure thee ever to preſerve this honeſt, plain Sincerity. Speak to me freely, and let me hear the Voice of Truth. If my People complain, convey their Grievances faithfully to my Ear; for how ſhould Kings redreſs thoſe Ills, which Flatterers hide, or wicked Men diſguiſe?

Sir

Sir *John.* I thank your Majeſty for the Confidence you have in me: My Heart, I know, is honeſt, and my Affection to your Majeſty ſincere: But as to my Abilities, alas! they are but ſmall; yet, ſuch as they are, if it claſh not with my Duty to the Publick, they ſhall always be at your Majeſty's Service.

King. I'd have you juſt to both.

But let your Country's Good be firſt your Aim;
On this our honeſt Miller builds his Claim,
At leaſt for Pardon; if you pleaſe, for Fame.

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